



THE 1973

# THE 1973 NIGHTMARE

## WINTER-SPECIAL

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

47775  
75¢  
TM.



BEWARE IT...FEAR IT...  
**IT SCREAMS!**

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# NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

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## The Horror Tub

I LEFT MY HEART IN THE BURIAL PIT

## DIE MUMMY!

...welcome...

...to the

1973

Winter

Special...

...herein many awful  
and weird things in  
Abominable, Deep  
Pits bid you  
Drop In for a  
Laugh, Chortle  
or a Choke...

...this is the...

*Nightmare  
in the  
Pit*

the night of the  
MADANT-EATERS

DR PHIBES  
RISES  
AGAIN

BEWARE IT...FEAR IT...  
IT SCREAMS!

...WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW...



NUMBER ONE - 1973  
WINTER SPECIAL

... and here starts the 1972 NIGHTMARE: WINTER-SPECIAL ...

... LOVE IS NEVER HAVING TO SAY GOODBYE...

COME TO ME, HARMLESS...  
DO YOU NOT RECOGNIZE  
YOUR QUEEN?...

...BUT YOU'RE  
DEAD... YOU'VE  
ALREADY BEEN  
MUMMIFIED...

... IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE...

... TOO LONG HAVE I BEEN  
AWAY FROM YOUR ARMS MY  
LOVE... COME TO ME...

... COME TO ME... COME  
AND LET US BECOME ONE  
IN ETERNITY...

...AND SO STARTS, OR RATHER, ENDS, OUR TALE -- OF VAMPYRE VENESSA DEXON... AN ADOPTED TWING AT BEST WHOSE CLAIM TO FAME  
FADING 30 YEARS AGO WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, IF ONLY AT MARGE AND SCRABBLING AFTER THE ATTENTION OF A 20'S  
WIDOW WHO NOW STRUGGLES WITH EVERY STEP AND IS MADE TO ENDURE THE WRETCHED CRY:

**DIE MUMMY!**

WHY MACK? I'VE BEEN TO JUST ABOUT EVERY PRODUCER... DIRECTOR... MOVIE MAKER IN HOLLYWOOD AND I CAN'T EVEN GET PASSED THE FRONT DOOR...

...WHY?

BECAUSE YOU'RE OLD!  
YOU MAY FEEL YOUNG INSIDE, VANNESSE... BUT OUTSIDE YOU HAVE A FEW TOO MANY YEARS UNDER YOUR BELT...

I NEED IT, MACK...  
...HELP ME... PLEASE!

WELL, THERE'S ONE GUY THAT'S STILL TRYING TO CAST A PART THAT MIGHT FIT... SCOTT RENDERS...

RENDERS! CH COME-ON MACK... YOU KNOW WHAT KIND OF A REPUTATION HE'S GOT... CHEAP HORROR MOVIES... WHAT'S HE CASTING FOR?

...ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MILLION-BUDGET HORROR MOVIE?

BY GOD, MACK-- IF ANYBODY WERE TO HAVE TOLD ME AFTER I MADE "THE OCEAN QUEEN" THAT IT WOULD FINALLY COME TO THEATERS I'D...

VANNESSE... LISTEN TO ME...  
... "THE OCEAN QUEEN" WAS MADE IN 1921... THAT WAS FORTY... NO, FIFTY EIGHT YEARS AGO... FIFTY YEARS!

...FIFTY YEARS...

MACK-- TELL ME... HONESTLY... DO I LOOK 75 YEARS OLD?

...DO I...

...NO...

NO DEAR WOMAN... NO YOU DON'T... I HAVE TO ADMIT...

WELL, I AM 75... AND I'M DRIVING... I ONLY HAVE A FEW MORE YEARS... I WANT TO MAKE A COMEBACK...

...NOT JUST FOR THE MONEY... WHICH I ADMIT I NEED... BUT ALSO BECAUSE... WELL-- I'M ALONE IN THIS WORLD... I NEED THAT COMPANY...

...THE COMPANY OF A MOVIE AUDIENCE... FANS... FAN LETTERS...



YOU DON'T HAVE TOO MUCH CHOICE, VANNESSE... YOU'D DO BEST TO TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GRAB...

VANNESSE DEATH... IS THE ONLY THING I KNOW OF RIGHT NOW...









? I CAN FEEL POWER  
SURGE THROUGH  
THESE OLD  
BONES...

POWER THAT I  
KNEW I WAS A  
CANCER IN MY 20'S  
AND 30'S...

THE ACHEES AND RAINS  
ARE GONE... THE SNAWING  
FREDDNESS ABOUT MY BODY...  
HOW I FEEL ONLY AN  
ULTIMATE ANXIETY  
STRENGTHENED.



SHE HAS  
ARSENAL.. THE  
QUEEN HAS  
AMAZON..

SHE MAKES  
FOR THE PALACE  
OF OUR LENSE  
- SHE MUST BE  
STRIPPED

UT OF MY  
MIND WITH  
THE SIGHT  
OF  
CRUEL  
SCENE.

...IT'S NOT  
POSSIBLE...  
YOU'RE DEAD  
...ABOUT TO  
BE AWAKENED.

MY LIFE IS...



COME TO ME HAWAIIAN...  
DO YOU NOT WANT MY LOVE  
EVEN NOW...I HAVE RETURNED  
FROM BEYOND TO GIVE YOU MY  
LOVE... COME TO ME...  
COME



YOU STILL  
DO NOT CARE TO  
CARE FOR ME.

—CHOKING  
ME...CAN'T  
BREATHE...  
GUARDS...  
GUARDS.







## DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!

by ALAN HEWETSON

this ... is the return of **VINCENT PRICE** as **DR. ANTON PHIBES**, the maniac who delights on obscene tortures, which he rationalizes in the name of justice for his dead wife **VICTORIA**, who he is attempting to restore to life. **PHIBES** is a brutal murderer, a sadist, and an absolute lunatic. In his first film in 1971 **'THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES'** he was just as devious and perverted, but didn't go for so many of the frequent well choreographed dance steps which he does in this new production.



**'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN'** probably isn't really one of the greatest films ever made, but as entertainment it is hard-to-match, with numerous dance numbers, sadomasochistic scenes and a number of close-ups of **VINCENT PRICE** making macabre gestures to thin air ... this plus an endless series of utterly barbaric murder and torture scenes devised by screenwriters **ROBERT FUENT** and **ROBERT BLES**, who are undoubtedly relatives of the **MARQUIS DE SADE**, suggests we start our review by suggesting that **'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN'** is a film we recommend you see.

DEATH! TORTURE!  
MURDER MOST FOUL!  
Dr. Phibes is amusing himself again.



JAMES H. NICHOLSON and SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF present

# DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!

VINCENT PRICE, ROBERT QUARRY  
PETER CUSHING, BERYL REED, TERRY THOMAS



This ... is **DR. ANTON PHIBES** portrayed by **VINCENT PRICE** ... in **'DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN'** ... directed by **James H. Nicholson** ... produced by **Samuel Z. Arkoff** ... written by **Robert Fuent** and **Robert Bles** ... based on the novel by **Ward Duvall** ...

# DR PHIBES RISES AGAIN

VINCENT PRICE as DR. PHIBES. VALU KEMP as his dumb (literally) girl assistant VULNAVIA. These two people are very weird murderers who devise continued means to slaughter people who try to stop them from reviving to life PHIBES' dead wife VICTORIA. The people who get in his way are: ROBERT QUARRY (who is at best ... dull) playing BIEDERBECK, a very old man who is trying to maintain his youth after he runs out of his (unexplained) youth serum, RONNA LEWIS (who is at best ... unimportant ... even when she's on the screen alone), HUGH GRIFFITH (who is at best ... comic relief ... though we're sure he wasn't intended to be), PETER JEFFREY and JOHN CATER (are both at best ... (a) an opportunity to introduce yourself to the person in the next seat, (b) get popcorn, or (c) have a short nap), guest appearances by PETER CUSHING as a ship's captain, BERYL REID as a strange-talking funny-old-woman, and TERRY THOMAS as a shipping company salesman, are quite worthwhile and keep you awake during non-PHIBES murder sequences.

PHIBES is quite inventive ... he slices through a man's head by a golden snake which is driven out of a telephone earpiece; he sand-blasts the meat off a man's bones; implements an ordinary bed to squash a man into a tiny tube; shaves a man inside a gin bottle, and attacks a guy with an eagle which, after killing its victim, slowly picks open his chest and rips out intestines, flesh and veins and a bit of the guy's heart-muscle.



MILTON REID plays Biederbeck's 'slave' Cheng and is first to fall victim to Phibes' macabre tortures . . .



BIEDERBECK (ROBERT 'COUNT YORGA' QUARRY) discovers the remains of a Phibes act of torture . . . the skull remains of a man who was sand-blasted . . .



The motive for BIEDERMECK's and PHIBES' actions is to save their loves from death . . . BIEDERMECK, who is portrayed as being as vile as PHIBES in the film turns out in the end to think more of his betrothed than of himself.



DR. PHIBES is always accompanied by VULNAVIA (VALLI KEMP) who executes a fine choreography score, which has nothing to do with the film but it sure is nice to look at!



DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN is a presentation of NICHOLSON and AEROFF . . . starring VINCENT PRICE, PETER CUSHING, ROBERT QUARRY, VALLI KEMP, BERYL REID, TERRY THOMAS and HUGH GRIFFITH . . . based on characters created by JAMES WHITON and WILLIAM GOLDSTEIN . . . mice photography by ALEX THOMSON . . . good make-up by TREVOR CROLE-REES . . . from AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

...THERE ARE MANY MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS ON THE SAME NEWSTANDS AS *PSYCHO*...  
ONE SUCH EXAMPLE IS A WEEKLY TABLOID THAT SOMEWHAT RESEMBLES THIS...  
...AND SO WE START OUR TALE...

20 C

TRUE: THEY LEFT A SCALPEL  
STUCK IN MY HEART WHEN  
THEY OPERATED ON MY  
APPENDIX.

SEE PAGE 50

# INTERNATIONAL INQUIRER

INTERNATIONAL EDITION

NEW YORK

AUGUST 26, 1972

## I LEFT MY HEART IN THE BURIAL PIT, I HAD NO CHOICE

TRUE:  
I LEFT MY  
CROWN BRAIN  
AND LIVED  
TO TELL OF  
IT

TRUE:  
I KILLED 182  
PEOPLE IN A  
MUR BRAIN

TRUE:  
THE TRUTH  
BEHIND THE  
MYTH ABOUT  
GARSTORY  
ENDS

TRUE:  
ARCHIE AL  
HAS BRAIN  
DEAD 43  
TEARS

TRUE:  
PANSAS DOES  
NOT EXIST

NEW YORK, AUG 26... A FEW  
TEARS AGO THIS INTERNATIONAL  
INQUIRER REPORTER HAD THE  
PRIVILEGE OF WRITING THE  
MINCOS AND WELL-PUBLICIZED  
HEADLINE STORY. I CUT OUT  
ADM BRAIN AND STOMPED  
ON IT... BUT HEVER WAS SO  
GRIESEME A STORY COMES TO  
MY ATTENTION AS THE ONE THAT  
DID JUST TESTIFY THAT WHEN I  
INVESTIGATED THE PANDOMO  
CASE... MY HEADLINE IS: *I  
LEFT MY HEART IN THE  
BURIAL PIT, I HAD NO CHOICE*  
A MAHABE SAFETY-TESTING  
TRUE TALE MY CROWN ANOTHER  
WOULDN'T BELIEVE... I FOULD  
OUT ABOUT THE MESS WHICH I  
INVESTIGATED THE PANDOMO  
CASE PRETTY MUCH ON THE  
LOWER EAST SIDE... WHERE  
POLICE SPOTTED, IN AN  
ABANDONED WAREHOUSE, 7  
DEAD GANSTERS WITH  
THEIR FROCOATS HIPPED  
OUT... AND LYING NEARBY THEM  
2 CRIMSY CORPSES... THEIR  
HEARTS MINDFULLY CUT OUT.  
THE FOLLOWING STORY IS THE  
RESULT OF PAINSTAKING  
RESEARCH AND I JUST PHON  
IN BONNA GET ANOTHER  
JOURNALISM AWARD FOR  
WRITING THIS GARSTORY BUT  
I'D TALK TALE BECAUSE JUST  
LIKE THE LAST ONE I WROTE  
IT IS AN UNADULTERATED  
PIECE OF...

STORY CONTINUED ON  
PAGE 50...



THERE ARE MANY MURKIES IN OUR MIND, SAYS PROFESSOR IRVING WILLIAM WHO RECENTLY RETURNED FROM A VACATION IN PLATTSBURG NEW YORK WHERE HE SWEARS HE WAS ATTACKED BY SEVERAL GENTLEMEN CARRYING SPARKS SMALL CANNON, AND SHOOTING THEM TO ALL NEW YORK DOCTORS. THIS DISTURBED PROFESSOR WILLIAM WHO IS A NATIVE OF QUEENS... CONTINUED ON PAGE 50











...OH JULIET... YOU  
CUT OUT YOUR  
HEART!...

I WANTED  
IT TO BE WITH  
YOURS...

...A SYMBOL--  
OF OUR LOVE...

...NOW -- TOGETHER--  
WE CAN EXIT THIS  
BURIAL PIT...

- TOGETHER... WE CAN  
HAVE OUR REVENGE...

--WE WILL HAVE TO LEAVE OUR  
HEARTS IN THIS BURIAL PIT, WE HAVE NO  
CHOICE... BUT WE **NEED** NO HEARTS  
TO DO WHAT WE MUST **DO**...



NO STRANGER HEADLINE HAS APPEARED IN ANY TABLOID NEWSPAPER... NO MORE MACABRE TALE HAS EVER BEEN TOLD... BUT THE EDITORS OF THE INTERNATIONAL INQUIRER **SWEAR ON THEIR MOTHER'S GRAVES** IT IS AN ABSOLUTELY TRUE STORY... AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US THERE'S PROBABLY SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU ANYWAY SO WE DON'T CARE...

...A SKYWALD PUBLIC SERVICE (WHICH MIGHT BETTER BE TITLED FOR SATIRICAL PURPOSES: THE **HOLOCAUST AT THE NEWSTAND**)...

... R.L.P.

# BEYOND THE WALLS!!!

IN THE STRANGE, TIMELESS, FLEMISH CITY OF BRUGES, THERE STANDS AN ANCIENT STONE HOUSE. whose ORIGINAL INHABITANTS WERE THE BLACK PRIOR MONKS. IN 1908, THE FORTRESS-LIKE ABBEY WAS PURCHASED, AND CONVERTED TO A BOWLING-HOUSE.

IT WAS SWICHANLY HOW THE GURTS WOULD LEAVE BEFORE THEIR RENT WAS UP, AND GODD, HOW THEY ALL COMPLAINE OF AN UNWAKEABLE STENCH THAT EMITTED FROM CERTAIN SECTIONS OF THE STONE-WORK?

IN A WILD ATTEMPT TO GIVE A FALTERING BUSINESS, THE OWNER SOUGHT THE ORIGIN OF THESE STRANGE WISPS OF PUTREFACTION....

...ONLY TO FIND THE SKELETAL REMAINS OF SOME HELL-SPAWNED CREATURE ENTOMBED BEYOND THE WALL COUNTLESS YEARS BEFORE!!!

THE MOST DAMNING EVIDENCE NEEDED TO CONDEMN A WITCH, OR SATANIST... WAS FOUND ON THE SKIN!! EARLY REPORTS TELL US, THAT THESE STRANGE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE FLESH WERE WITH EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE ---- SOME APPEARED AS WARTS, OTHERS AS SCARS.... BUT ALL WERE BRANDED AS...

# MEPHISTO'S BRAND

STRIPPED NAKED, THE ACCUSED WITCH WAS THROWN BEFORE THE PUBLIC, AND EXAMINED FOR THE DEVIL'S MARK. IN ALL CASES, THE BODY HAIR WAS SHAVED, FOR SATAN IS DEVOID, AND OFT TIMES PLACED HIS SEAL UPON THE SCALP OF HIS CHOSEN!!



IF A MARK WAS FOUND, THE SUSPECT WAS TORTURED INTO COMMISSION!! SOMETIMES, IT WAS THE ONLY EVIDENCE NEEDED ---- INSTANT DEATH BY BURNING!!!

FOR THOSE OF THE ACCUSED, WHOSE BODIES WERE FREE OF BLEMISHES, THE COURTS DECREED A NEW BELIEF: SATAN DISPERSED INVISIBLE IMPRINTS.... PATCHES OF SKIN WHICH COULD NEVER REEL PAIN!



FROM THAT TIME ON, EACH NEW VICTIM OF THE COURTS WOULD HAVE TO ENDURE THE EXCRUCIATING PAINS OF HAVING EVERY INCH OF THEIR BODY PUNCTURED BY LONG, STEEL NEEDLES!!!

HOW MANY OF YOU HAVE A WART... BIRTHMARK... SCAR... MOLE, OR STRANGELY SHAPED FRECKLE?? PERHAPS A RASH? BEWARE, DEAR READER!! BEWARE!!!!

...TAKE A LOOK 'ROUND THIS WEIRD, STARTLING ROOM...IT IS THE HOME FOR THIS WORLD'S MOST MAD COLLECTION OF ARCHAIC ARTIFACTS...

...THE FINEST OUT-OF-DATE RARE EDITIONS OF BLACK WORKS YOU WILL EVER HOPE TO FIND...

...THE ORIGINAL DEATH MASKS OF HISTORY'S MOST RECKLESS DESPOTS...MACABRE SAMPLERS FROM THE MINDS OF THE EARTH'S FINEST ILLUSTRATORS AND PAINTERS -- DALL, BOSCH, DAVIS AND GHASTLY INGELS...

...THE SKELETON OF VLAD THE IMPALER -- THE MAN WHO WAS IN LIFE THE AUTHENTIC DRACULA...

...THE HAND-SCRIPT BY GASTON LEROUX FOR HIS FAMOUS HORROR WORK *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*...

...AND SKULLS...KNIVES AND SWORDS...WEAPONS OF HORROR...INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE...COLLECTED FROM MAN'S HISTORY...

...COLLECTED FROM MAN'S MACABRE HISTORY...

...YET, FOR COLLECTOR-POSSESSOR, HASIAN RUCK IT IS NOT ENOUGH...

...HE NEVER HAS ENOUGH...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
YOU CAN'T GET IT?  
WHY WON'T HE SELL?  
IT'S AN INSANE PRICE  
I OFFERED HIM...

I WANT IT...

DAMMIT I  
WANT IT...

# The Horror Tub

...IT'S BEAUTIFUL ANDERS... SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL...  
...I CAN SEE, MY FRIEND, WHY YOU DIDN'T WANT TO  
SELL IT TO MY REPRESENTATIVES...

...YET THE PRICE I OFFERED YOU, MY FRIEND... IS MUCH  
RICHER THAN ANYTHING PAID OVER BY ANYONE FOR A  
BOSCH PAINTING...

...YOU REALLY AREN'T IN ANY  
POSITION TO TURN ME DOWN...

...I'M NOT THE LUNATIC  
COLLECTOR, YOU ARE  
HARLAN...

I HAVE NEW INTERESTS  
THESE DAYS--ONE OF  
THEM IS THIS  
UNDISCOVERED  
MASTERPIECE OF  
HORROR BY  
HERCULANUS BOSCH...

...IT SAT IN A BRITISH  
LIBRARY STOCKROOM  
FOR 45 YEARS... I  
FOUND IT WHEN  
LOOKING FOR  
SOMETHING ELSE...  
JUST LUCK THAT'S ALL  
...I'M SORRY HARLAN,  
YOU CAN *DOUBLE* YOUR  
PRICE AND I WON'T  
ACCEPT...



THERE ARE WAYS AND MEANS OF  
OBTAINING THINGS IN THIS WORLD...  
HUCK HAS THE MEANS... HE MERELY  
NEEDS A WAY...

...YET HE IS REMINDED OF CERTAIN  
FRIENDS HE HAD ON OTHER OCCASIONS  
OF NEED... AND THE AFTERNOON OF  
THAT SAME DAY HE WENT TO SEEK  
THEM OUT...

...SEND SOMEONE  
FOR TOMMY AND HIS  
PARTNER... I'LL WAIT  
IN THE CORNER BOOTH...



HELLO HUCK... GOT YOUR MESSAGE...  
YOU GOT A JOB IN MIND?

INDEED I DO  
FRIEND TOMMY;  
HAVE A SEAT... HAVE A  
DRINK...

HE  
PREFERS...

...YOUR  
FRIEND TOO...  
WHAT'S HIS  
NAME?

...I PREFER  
NOT TO HAVE A  
NAME HUCK... IN  
THIS BUSINESS  
YOU DON'T NEED  
A NAME...



...ONLY A  
GUN...









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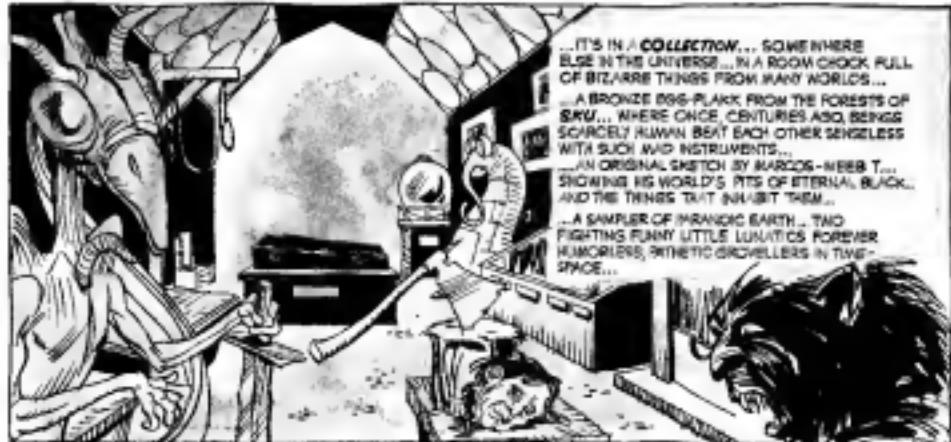




I'LL KILL YOU ANDERS...  
I'LL KILL YOU!







...IT'S IN A COLLECTION... SOMEWHERE ELSE IN THE UNIVERSE... IN A ROOM CHOCK FULL OF BIZARRE THINGS FROM MANY WORLDS...

...A BRONZE EGG-PLAKK FROM THE FORESTS OF SKU... WHERE ONCE CENTURIES AGO, BEINGS SCARCELY HUMAN BEAT EACH OTHER SENSELESS WITH SUCH MAD INSTRUMENTS...

...AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY MARCUS-MEEB T... SHOWING HIS WORLD'S RITES OF ETERNAL BLACK... AND THE THINGS THAT INHABIT THEM...

...A SAMPLER OF PARADIC EARTH... TWO FIGHTING FUNNY LITTLE LUNATICS FOREVER HUMORLESS, PATHETIC GROVELLERS IN TIME-SPACE...



...AND SO ENDS OUR TALE OF HARLAN HUCK... AN ODDITY IN THIS UNIVERSE WHOSE TOYS AND CURIOSITIES AND ARCHAIC ARTIFACTS ARE PERHAPS THE ONLY SHADOW OF VALUE WE HAVE...

...AND THIS, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, WITHIN THIS GLASS TUB OF HORROR 2 HUMANS HAVE FINALLY BEEN MADE TO BE OF SOME VALUE IN THIS STRANGE ARENA OF LIFE -- WHERE -- HUMANITY IS THE LEAST VALUED THING OF

ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, MONDAY MORNING THE 1<sup>ST</sup> OF DECEMBER 1969, A SMALL, WHITE VOLKSWAGON CAREFULLY WEAVES THRU THE SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF UPPER NEW YORK STATE. ON ITS WAY, PERHAPS, TO...

# THE EVENT IN THE NIGHT?



THE DRIVER IS TIRED.. HE HAS  
MANY MILES MORE TO TRAVEL  
BEFORE HE REACHES THE BIG  
CITY FOR THE CONVENTION  
MANY MILES.. MANY HOURS



SO STARTS OUR  
TALE OF DR. HENRY  
WHITE... AT THE  
TOP OF A CHEM/



**SLOW-OUT...**  
HEADED TOWARDS A  
GULLY... THAT FENCE  
WILL NEVER HOLD... SO  
TO HOLD THE WHEEL IN  
THE DIRECTION OF THE  
SKID... GO BY THE DRIVER'S  
MANUAL AND AWAY...



WHUCKKK  
WHAMMAM  
-KAK

AND SO STARTS  
OUR TALE...



IN THE MORNING HENRY WHITE GOT ON A GREYHOUND AND CONTINUED HIS TRIP TO THE CITY-- THINKING ABOUT SKULL HILL, ABOUT THE MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM SKULL HEAD THAT HAD POPPED INTO HIS MIND AT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT-- REMEMBERING HOW IT BURNED INTO HIS BRAIN--... REMEMBERING HOW IT HAD TAUNTED AND TEASED... HOW IT HURT...

HE STROLLED INTO THE CONVENTION AT 3 IN THE AFTERNOON...



KNOWING FULL WELL HIS DUTY... HIS RESPONSIBILITY... WAS TO RETURN TO HIS WIFE AND BOYS... KNOWING HIS DUTY WAS TO RETURN TO THEM... NOW... HIS EMOTIONS SNARLED AT HIM FROM WITHIN... TOLD HIM TO RENT A CAR... GET BACK TO THE HOUSE... BACK TO THAT HOUSE TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH...









ON A SUNDAY NIGHT, MONDAY MORNING, THE 1st OF DECEMBER 1969, A SMALL WHITE VOLKSWAGON CAREFULLY WEAVES THRU THE SNOW-COVERED ROADS OF UPSTATE NEW YORK STATE...

INSIDE THE DRIVER INAKES UP...

OM!

JUST HAVE FALLEN SLEEP BEHIND THE WHEEL, LUCKY I DON'T HAVE AN ACCIDENT.

THAT HOUSE, MY GOD THAT'S THE HOUSE IN THE DREAM.

GOD THIS IS THE ROAD.

CAN'T HAVE BEEN SLEEP MORE THAN A FEW SECONDS... BUT IT'S A DREAM.

THERE IS A GRINDING OF ORGANS WITHIN WHITE'S MENTAL FACULTIES... HIS MIND TRIES TO REASON... BUT IT CAN'T ACCEPT THE BARE-FACED, UTTER LONGEVITY OF IT ALL... AND THE CAR CRASH OF THIS OCCASION WAS CAUSED BY ANOTHER ONE THAT, PERHAPS, NEVER REALLY HAPPENED.

WHUCKKK  
WHAMMM  
-KKAK

YOU OKAY?  
ANYBODY HURT?  
YOU ALONE?

GLASS WINDOWS ARE TOTEN BUSTED.  
YOU OKAY?

GOODNIGHT DR. WHITE, PLEASANT DREAMS...

... don't miss 'em or  
you'll turn into  
a degenerate vegetable ...



... THIS ...

... IS THE NEVER-TO-BE FORGOTTEN LIBRARY OF ...

# BACK ISSUES

## THE CRIME MACHINE

## THE CRIME MACHINE



#1 - \$2.00

## THE CRIME MACHINE



#2 - \$2.00



... CAN ANY DEAD PERSON EVER FORGET THE GUTTERS CHOKED WITH BLOOD — THE EXTREME YET NONCHALANT VIOLENCE ... IN THE RAW AND MAD CRIME MACHINE? PROBABLY NOT ... ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS ACTUALLY SEEN THIS MAGAZINE OF INCREDIBLY STUPID PUNKS WOULD REALIZE IT DOESN'T BELONG ON ANY BOOKSHELF ... BUT THAT'S OKAY ... YOU CAN PUT IN YOURS IF YOU ORDER NOW!

... GET 'EM DIRECT

... CAN ANY LIVING PERSON FORGET THE BIKE RIDING SUPERHERO...THE HELL-RIDER, SCRIPED BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH? ONLY SOMEONE WHO HAS NEVER SEEN THIS POWERFUL AND DYNAMIC CREATION WOULD DOUBT THAT THESE TWO AND ONLY TWO ISSUES ARE PRICELESS COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS WHICH HAVE GOTTA BE IN EVERY BOOKSHELF ... IF THEY AREN'T IN YOURS THEY CAN BE NOW!

## HELL-RIDER

#1 - \$2.00



#2 - \$2.00



... WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THE SKULL FOREST OF OLD EARTH? . . . WHO WAS EVIL IN THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF VODOODOO? . . . DID YOU FIND OUT ABOUT THE DAY THE EARTH WILL DIET? . . . THE TRUE COLLECTOR'S LIBRARY OF THESE MAGNIFICENT COMIC MASTERWORKS IS NOW AVAILABLE TO YOU DIRECT FROM THE PUBLISHER . . . ALL COPIES ARE IN MINT CONDITION AND ARE MAILED IN A STURDY GREY MANILLA ENVELOPE MINUTES AFTER YOUR ORDER IS RECEIVED . . . NO LIBRARY CAN EVER BE COMPLETE UNLESS YOU HAVE 'EM ALL . . . MANY HORROR-MOOD ISSUES ARE ALREADY SOLD OUT . . . AND OUR REMAINING STOCK IS DWINDLING . . . BEFORE IT DWINDLES INTO TOTAL OBLIVION ORDER THE COPIES YOU DON'T HAVE NOW . . . IF YOU MISS 'EM NOW . . . TOMORROW YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY 10 TO 20 TIMES THE PRICE . . . AND YOU'LL HAVE NO-ONE TO BLAME BUT YOURSELF . . . ARE YOU A STUPID PROCRASTINATING CRETIN OR ARE YOU INTELLIGENT AND CAN ANTICIPATE THE ULTRA-GROTESQUE ALTERNATIVE TO ORDERING NOW? . . . YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF YOU DON'T ORDER NOW? . . . YOU WILL BEGIN TO SHUDDER A LITTLE . . . THEN SLOWLY YOU WILL NOTICE YOURSELF BECOMING VERY NERVOUS . . . AFTER A WHILE YOU'LL BEGIN TO HATE DAYLIGHT . . . THEN NIGHTDARK . . . THEN SOON YOU'LL HATE GETTING OUT OF BED AT ALL . . . PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE . . .

... DO YOU REALLY WANT THAT TO HAPPEN? DO YOU REALLY WANT TO BECOME TOTALLY BED-RIDDEN AND A HOPELESS DEGENERATE VEGETABLE?



# PSYCHO NIGHTMARE

THE ARCHAIC PUBLISHER —  
SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
18 EAST 41ST STREET, RM 1501  
NEW YORK, N.Y., 10017

... DEAR ARCHAIC PUBLISHER . . . I WOULD LIKE TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION OF YOUR ARCHAIC MAGAZINES, AND HAVE SCRAMBLED AROUND IN MY POCKET, DRAINING IT OF \$\_\_\_\_\_ WHICH I'VE ENCLOSED FOR . . .

NIGHTMARE -1 -2 -3 -8 -9 -10 -11  
-12 -13 -14 ANNUAL WINTER SPECIAL

PSYCHO -2 -3 -4 -8 -9 -10 -11  
-12 -13 -14 ANNUAL

HELL-RIDER -1 -2 CRIME-MACHINE -1 -2  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY AND ALL ELSE \_\_\_\_\_

... I ENCLOSE ALSO 50.35 POSTAGE AND HANDLING, WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY, I REALIZE IS A NECESSARY EVIL . . .



NOT YET

NOT YET

NOT YET

NOT YET



THIS... IS THE PIT...  
INSIDE THIS PIT ARE VARIOUS MACABRE THINGS.  
THEIR ORIGIN IS OBSCURE. THEIR NATURE  
REPULSIVE AND UNEXPLAINABLE... THEY ARE  
FRIENDS OF ALL SORTS... DISGUSTING  
REPTILES... ANTIQUE THINGS BROUGHT FROM  
CENTRAL EUROPE TO THE OLD WEST IN THIS YEAR  
1882 BY THE MAN WERNER... HE WHO IS 45  
LUNATIC AS THEY...



THIS... IS AARON  
WERNER... HE IS OF  
SOMEWHERE IN  
CENTRAL EUROPE COME  
TO THESE UNITED  
STATES TO SPREAD  
HIS OWN IDEAS.  
HIS ORIGIN TOO  
ARE OBSCURE.  
ALTHOUGH HE SPANS  
WITH ANGRY WORDS  
HIS MIND IS  
GUTTERAL... HE IS  
NOT LIKED BY HIS  
CATTLEMAN NEIGHBORS  
BOTH BECAUSE OF HIS  
PROFESSION AND  
REASIDE, SOMEHOW.  
HE CAPTURED THE  
HEART OF THE MOST  
BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE  
COUNTY... MISS  
ANNABEL LEE...



THIS... IS AMSTERDAM RANCH...  
HOSTED IN THE POETHOLD OF THE ROCKIES,  
IT IS PERFECT FOR RAISING SHEEP... THO  
THERE IS MUCH ARGUMENT ABOUT THIS FROM  
WERNER'S NEIGHBORING RANCHERS WHO ARE  
DEDICATED TO CATTLE... & NOBODY...



...THIS... IS MR. ANNABEL LEE...  
...SOMEHOW ANTON WERNER MADE HER **LOVE** HIM... THO IT IS  
NOT HARD TO REASON WHY **HE LOVES HER**... SHE IS A  
BEAUTIFUL AND SOFT WOMAN, WITH BLACK-CAKE EYES THAT  
BURST INTO YOUR BRAIN AND MAKE YOU TRIP OVER YOUR OWN  
WORDS... SHE IS THE **DESTROYED** ON ANTON WERNER... AND  
WITHIN A FEW DAYS THEY ARE TO BE MARRIED...



# BEWARE IT... FEAR IT... IT SCREAMS!

...AND THIS...  
...IS WHY ONE NIGHT THEY COME TO  
SEE HIM TRY TO TALK TO HIM... ARGUE...  
THEN FIGHT... DRAW THEIR PISTOLS AND  
BECOME AS ONE TO BRUTALLY  
PISTOL-WAND HIM ACROSS  
THE FACE...





...THE MONTH THAT FOLLOWS IS FROBIBLE FOR HER. SHE BECOMES MORE INVOLVED WITH EACH LONG DAY, AND ACCUSES HER WIFE OF AFFAIR RELATIONS WITH SHERRY RANCH HAND CHUCK REDD. YET SHE LOVES HIM AS THE ANDREWS DID. A BLIND LOVE, A PASSIONATE LOVE THAT OVERLORDS ALL...



...IT WAS THE KING OF ACCIDENT THAT WAS BOUND TO BE SUSPICIOUS AT SUCH A TIME. IT WAS THE DAY THAT ANTHONY WAS OUT RIDING ALONE, AND A RATTLER CAME TO SPOOK HER HORSE, AND THROWN HER. SHE FELL, BURSTLY, TO THE GROUND.





...INTO WERNER AND AMABEL LIE WERE MARRIED IN THIS LITTLE CHURCH ON A BRIGHT SUNSHINY MORNING THAT SUMMER... OUTSIDE, THERE WERE STILL RUMBLINGS FROM THE RANCHERS ABOUT HOW THEY MIGHT **END THEMSELVES** OF THIS FORERUNNER WITH HIS DIFFERENT IDEAS AND HIS TIDY SHEEP AND HORSES, THE SMALL CONSIDERATION WENT THAT SUCH A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE AS KINSEY, LIE SHOULD MARRY SUCH A TROUBLED MAN AS ANTON WERNER... AND AMABEL'S PARENTS, WELL... THEY ONLY CROAKED...

...AND LATER... IS THEY RIDE TO AMSTERDAM... SHE HAS A **FOREVISION** OF WHAT HORRORS SHE WILL COME TO KNOW AS HIS **WIFE**... THEY TALK ABOUT ANGELA... HE KNOWS AND ANGELA IS A DISHFUL, SELFTITY... AND THERE IS NOTHING SHE CAN DO BUT LISTEN TO HIS PETTY AND SAD WHINING...



...AND WHEN THE **SHADOW** APPROACHED THE MISERABLE CONFRONTATION **BEGAN**...



ANTON WERNER WAS **LIVING**... UPON DISCOVERING THESE TWO, HIS WIFE AND A RANCH-HAND, HE LEAPED QUICKLY TO THE WRONG CONCLUSION. HE STARED AT THEM FOR A MOMENT, THEN AS ANABEL REALED HIS PRESENCE AND WENT TO HIM WERNER DREW A SHOTGUN FROM HIS GUNCASE HUNTER, AND AIMED IT AT THE OLD RANCH'S HEAD...



...AND TRIGGERED BOTH BAMS BEFORE ANYONE REALIZED WHAT HE WAS DOING... THE SHOT ENTERED OLD RANCH'S HEAD JUST ABOVE HIS LEFT EYE AND RIPPED IT COMPLETELY OPEN... HIS BRAINS EXPLODED INSTANTLY AND SCATTERED



...HE WATCHED AS THE THINGS CAME TO HER WITH THEIR TONGUES AND LEAPED AT HER FACE... SHE BEGAN TO SCREAM...

...ANABEL THEN WOKE UP, AS WERNER DROPPED A SECTION OF PLATE OVER THE LID OF THE PIT, SO THAT IF SHE WOULD ACCIDENTALLY TRIED BY THE PINK-TEETHED TEETH OF THE CREATURES IN THIS PIT SHE COULD NOT ESCAPE...



...WERNER CHAINED A JAR OF IMPORTED EASTERN HONEY FROM HIS WIFE'S KITCHEN AND KNEELED BY THE EDGE OF THE PIT, POURING IT ONTO HER... HE KNEW PRECISELY WHAT HE WAS DOING, THO MORODY WAS SOBER, INCLUDING ANABEL, KNEW WHY...



MY GOD ANTON  
MY GOD MY GOD ANTON  
I LOVE YOU I LOVE YOU!!



...AMABEL LOOKED DOWN  
AT HERSELF CONVICTED  
IN OLD RED'S ALLEGED  
STILL-LIVING BLOOD.  
AND THEN  
HORSEY LIFTED  
HER EYES  
UP AND SAW  
HER HUSBAND  
FOR THE  
MOMENT  
AND A  
WHIFF  
REMOVED  
THE PAINTED...

...AT THE EDGE OF THE PIT HE TOOK HER DOWN AND  
TIED HER TO A LEAN-TO. LUCY PRINCE POST, THEN HE WENT  
INTO THE RANCH HOUSE AND ROLLED HER  
FIRESTREET DRESS, WHICH HE BROUGHT TO HER: HE  
STRIPPED HER NAKED AND PUT THE DRESS ON HER,  
AND THEN HE LOWERED HER INTO THE PIT, BY MEANS  
OF A RIGGED UP ROPE AND PULLEY...



...AND SHE CONTINUED TO  
HORRIBLY SCREAM AS THEY BEGAN  
TO DISOUR HER...

...HE HAD BROUGHT THE THINGS IN THE PIT FROM  
EUROPE...WHAT EXACTLY THEY WERE, HE DID NOT  
KNOW EVEN HIMSELF...BUT THE PIT WAS THERE  
TO CATCH THE WOLVES AND LIONS WHO STALKED HIS  
SHEEP...IT WAS A PIT THAT HORSEY TALKED ABOUT  
TO WERNER, NOT EVEN AWARE, FOR IT STRUCK HER  
AS AN OBSCURITY AND SHE DID NOT WANT TO THINK  
OF HER HUSBAND BEING THE CREATOR OF AN  
OBSCURITY...

MY GOD OH GOD  
OH GOD ANTON

WHY???



I LOVE YOU MY GOD MY  
ANTON-- I LOVE YOU I  
LOVE YOU!!

WERNER WENT INTO HIS RANCH HOUSE AND LIGHTED A FIRE... NIGHT WAS NOW COMING AND AT NIGHT IT BECAME COLD IN AMSTERDAM... HE SAT BY THE FIRE LOOKING AT IT FOR QUITE A WHILE... WHAT WAS SOUND THROUGH HIS MIND WAS DESPAIR, HE HAD BEEN REJECTED IN THIS NEW COUNTRY BY EVERYONE, AND HIS WIFE WAS A MISERABLE AND DISHONEST PERSON WHO HAD DESERVED TO DIE... BUT HOW HE REALIZED, HE WAS ALONE...



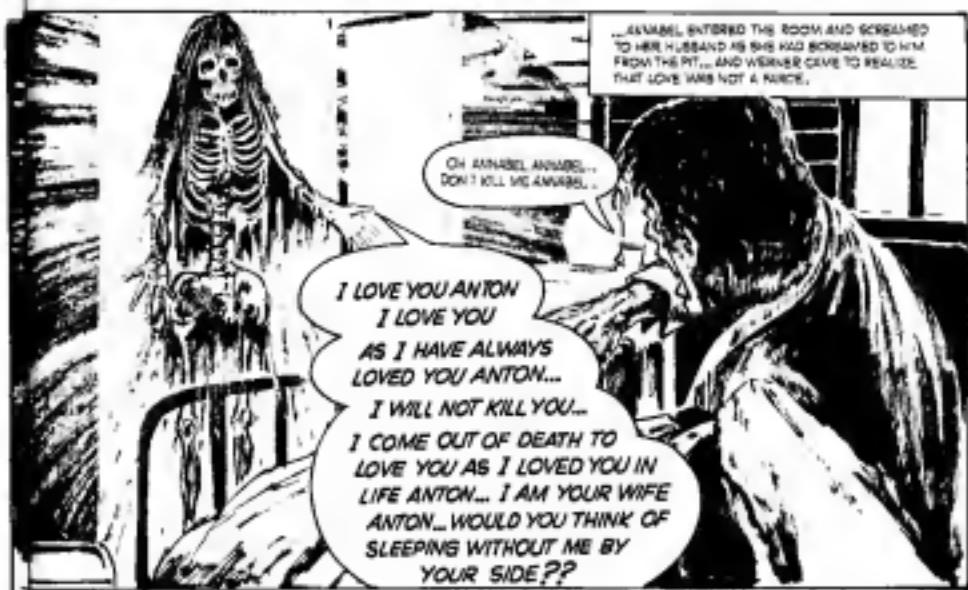
...NOT LONG AFTER HE WENT TO BED, HE COULD STILL HEAR HER WRETCHED SCREAMING INSIDE HIS HEAD... PLEASED SCREAMS: I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU... BUT HE KNEW SHE DIDN'T AND THAT LOVE WAS A FAKE...



...THEN IT WHEWED TO HIM THAT THE SCREAMS WERE BEING MADE CLOSER! (AND IF THEY HAD BEEN REAL, IT COULD BE SAID THEY WERE COMING CLOSER)...



...AND WHEN THE SCREAMS ENTERED THE HOUSE HE JUMPED UP WITH A START... HE WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID HIS MIND WAS SO DISORGANIZED BY LUNACY THAT IT WOULD NOT ATTEMPT TO MAKE REASON OF THE MADNESS...



OH ANNABEL ANNABEL...  
DON'T KILL ME ANNABEL...

I LOVE YOU ANTON  
I LOVE YOU  
AS I HAVE ALWAYS  
LOVED YOU ANTON...  
I WILL NOT KILL YOU...  
I COME OUT OF DEATH TO  
LOVE YOU AS I LOVED YOU IN  
LIFE ANTON... I AM YOUR WIFE  
ANTON... WOULD YOU THINK OF  
SLEEPING WITHOUT ME BY  
YOUR SIDE??

...WHAT HAPPENED AT AMSTERDAM RANCH THAT CHILLY NIGHT IS QUITE HARD TO SAY, BUT IT WAS **INSANE**... AND IT WAS **BRUTAL** AND **LENLEY**...



...WHEN THE TORMANDS CAME TO THE HOUSE IN THE MORNING TO REPORT THEY'D FOUND OLD RED'S BODY IN A WRETCHED STATE, THEY DISCOVERED THEIR EMPLOYER HANGING FROM A ROPE TIED TO A BEAM IN THE CEILING...



...WHAT RUINED THEM WAS NOT HIS SUICIDE, BUT HOW THE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF WERNER HAD COME TO **BE**... HE WAS **SHREDDED**... HIS BODY WAS SOAKED WITH HORROR... THIS HARBONED ROADS FROM HIS WOUNDS ONE MONTH BEFORE WERE TORN OPEN... HE HAD BEEN TRAILED AND CLUTCHED AND BUTCHERED... AS ONE MAN SAID: "IT LOOKS LIKE HE WAS KISSED BY A MOUNTAIN LION"...

...THEY NEVER FOUND ANNABEL...

...LATER WHEN THEY FOILED IN THE PIT THEY FOUND IT EMPTY; THIS LED TO SPECULATION THAT Z VABB THE TORMS IN THE PIT THAT HAD ATTACKED HIM... BUT IT WAS AN ASSUMPTION NEVER PROVED BECAUSE THEY NEVER FOUND **ZHEM** OTHER...

...THEY NEVER FIGURED OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE THINGS THAT WERE IN THE PIT... ...AND THEY... COULDN'T... CARE... **LESS**...





THE NIGHT IS DARK WITH SEVERAL WHITE SPOTS REPRESENTING STARS FILLING THE UNIVERSE AROUND TRADER-CRAFT **SUNBURST**... WHICH SLOWLY WEAVERS AND DARTS THROUGH THE MANY MACABRE WORLDS IT VISITS...

...UNTIL IT IS ATTACKED BY AN AWKWARD STORM WHICH PERFORATES ITS SKIN LIKE BULLETS... GLUTS ITS MOTORS WITH CHUNKS OF SPACE-SLIME WHICH CLOG THE FINELY WIRED COMPUTER-DRIVERS TILL THEY SLOW TO AN AWFUL SHUNT...



...THE SHIP IS SLOWLY DRAWN INTO THE NEAREST PLANET-PULL AND SUCKED INTO THE ATMOSPHERE... INSIDE **SUNBURST** THE CREW FASTEN SEATBELTS TO PREPARE FOR THE ULTIMATE, IMMEDIATE CRASH WHICH WILL KILL SOME OF THEM...

...WHOMEVER WILL ELECT TO EMERGE FROM WITHIN THIS STEAMING CARNAGE WILL SHORTLY FACE AN ABSTRACT HORROR. IT WILL TAKE A BIT OF TIME TO TELL... BUT UNLIKE THOSE MEN WITHIN, WE HAVE ALL THE TIME IT TAKES TO TELL THE TALE OF...



the night of the  
**MUTANT-EATERS**

SCOTT KIRK 1972

...SHORTLY THE MEN GATHER OVER THE BURIED BODIES OF THEIR MATES AND LISTEN TO THE COMMANDER ISSUE A WARNING...

THIS PLACE IS UNKNOWN TO US...IT HAS BEEN AVOIDED BY TRADERS AND SETTLERS...

...IN SHORT, GENTLEMEN... THE SINGLE OCCUPATION OF THESE PEOPLE IS PROcreation...WHICH THEY MANAGE TO SUCH A SUCCESSFUL DEGREE THAT THIS WORLD IS TERRIBLY OVERPOPULATED...AND IN DANGER OF IMMEDIATE DEMISE!

LT. NW INFORMS ME THAT THE SHIP WILL NOT TAKE TOO LONG TO REPAIR... IN THE MEANTIME HE WILL BE IN CHARGE OF YOUR CONSTRUCTING A LARGE COMPOUND!

YOU ARE NOT TO LEAVE THIS COMPOUND. YOU ARE NOT TO HAVE ANY DEALINGS WITH THESE PEOPLE...YOUR OBJECTIVE IS TO REPAIR THE SHIP!

WHATTA CREEP!

...SOON LT. NW HAD THE COMPOUND COMPLETED AND GUARDS POSTED...THE ONLY EXIT ALLOWED WAS FOR FOOD PARTIES...



ON SUCH AN OCCASION THE MEN WITNESSED SEVERAL CHILDREN STALK A KIND OF NATIVE BIRD...THE SCENE WAS MACABRE...



...THEY CAUGHT THE BIRD AND RIPPED IT TO SHREDS... EATING IT RAW..FIGHTING EACH OTHER, FOR THE CHOICEST BITS OF MEAT...



LT. NIW IS A MAN, HOWEVER, WHOSE INDIVIDUALITY FORBIDS CONFORMITY TO THE RULEBOOK (WHICH EXPLAINS WHY HE IS STILL A SECOND RANK OFFICER WHILE OTHERS OF HIS EXPERIENCE ARE COMMANDERS)... LATE ONE BLACK EVENING, HE VENTURED OUT OF THE COMPOUND... HE CAME ACROSS A VILLAGE GROUPED AROUND A BONFIRE... THEY WERE WATCHING DANCERS MOVE LITHE LIMBS TO THE FRENZIED, BARBARIC MUSIC THAT ISSUED FROM 3 MEN MANIPULATING CERTAIN, ODD INSTRUMENTS...



LT. NIW'S EYES  
WAS CAUGHT  
BY ONE OF THE  
DANCERS... AS  
SHE MOVED...  
HER EYES  
DANCED AND  
FLICKERED  
IN THE  
FLAMES...  
HER WARM  
DARK SKIN  
RIPPLED  
WITH HER  
MOVEMENTS... SHE  
WAS DANCING  
FOR HIM...



...WHEN THE DANCE  
ENDED THE GIRL  
SLIPPED OUT THE  
CIRCLE UNNOTICED,  
AND CRIED INTO  
THE BUSHES WHERE  
NIW STOOD WAITING...  
AND WITHIN IT NEED  
FOR WORDS THEY  
SOFTLY EMBRACED...

NIW...



...THEY SPOKE  
FOREIGN WORDS  
TO EACH OTHER  
THRU THE NIGHT  
...AND LOOKED  
INTO EACH OTHER  
...AND BECAME IN  
LOVE WITH ONE  
ANOTHER... WHEN  
DAWN CAME  
NIW TOOK ULA  
BY THE HAND  
AND SLIPPED  
BACK INTO THE  
COMPOUND  
UNSEEN...



...ULA STAYED IN THIS PLACE 8 DAYS WITHOUT DISCOVERY...  
SLEEPING WHEN CAME THE DAY... TOGETHER AS ONE WITH  
NIN WHEN CAME THE NIGHT...



...ON THE 9TH DAY THE SUNBURST PREPARED TO LEAVE... LT. NIN, UNDER  
COVER OF NIGHT, TOOK HIS WOMAN, ULA, ON BOARD AND HID HER WITHIN  
THE CORNERS OF HIS OFFICER'S PRIVATE CABIN ...



...CAME THE 10TH DAY THE SUNBURST FED ITS COMPUTER ENGINES  
CERTAIN OBSCURE AMOUNTS OF OXYGEN AND CARBON AND THE LUNATIC  
CRAFT LIFTED OFF THE SURFACE... SMASHED OUT THE ATMOSPHERE  
INTO THE STARS... AND LEFT BEHIND THE PLANET THAT HAD BEEN  
A PRISON FOR THREE AND A HALF WEEKS FOR 29 MEN ...



...WHEN ULA REALIZED SHE WAS  
PREGNANT HER FACE CHANGED... NO  
LONGER WERE HER MOVEMENTS  
GRACEFUL... AWFUL DISEASED LINES  
CREPT OVER HER FOREHEAD... HER  
CHEEKBONES WERE PISSED END AND  
BLACK AND HER MIND THOUGHT ONLY  
BLACK-DARK BROODING THOUGHTS...



ULA—IT IS NOT THE  
SAME HERE IN THIS PLACE...  
IT IS NOT LIKE YOUR WORLD...  
HERE THERE IS ENOUGH FOOD...  
BOOKS FOR LEARNING...  
...SPACE TO MOVE... IT IS  
NOT THE SAME, ULA!

...IT BECAME NECESSARY FOR THE COMMANDER TO BE INFORMED OF ULA'S PREGNANCY BECAUSE OF HER PREGNANCY...THE SHIP'S DOCTOR WAS NEEDED TO HELP GIVE BIRTH...



...YOU IDIOT!...YOU STUPID, INCONSIDERATE, STUPID MAN... DON'T YOU REALIZE THE RISK YOU'RE TAKING? THESE PEOPLE ARE MUTANTS, NOW... THEY ARE DISEASED EVEN UNTO THEMSELVES... DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT THIS CAN MEAN?

GOD--YOU IMBECILE! I SHOULD BUST YOU FOR THIS... Y'KNOW I REALLY SHOULD... WELL, TAKE HER TO THE SHIP'S DOCTOR... SEE WHAT HE CAN DO FOR HER!



...NOW GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SAID NOTHING--IF ULA WAS TO HAVE ALL THE COMFORTS HE WANTED HER TO HAVE HE'D HAVE TO JUST ACCEPT THE BIGOTRY AND ABUSE... JUST STAND QUIETLY... AND... ACCEPT IT...

...YOU REALLY ARE STUPID, NOW... MATING WITH ONE OF THESE PEOPLE... YOU SAW THE CONDITIONS ON THEIR WORLD... IT WAS CAUSED BY CERTAIN GENETIC PROBLEMS--NOT JUST MENTAL ATTITUDES... I HOPE THE DELIVERY GOES WELL; ULA HAS THE SAME GENETIC MAKE-UP OF US BUT... THEY ARE A FEW DIFFERENCES... SHE IS A MUTANT EVEN ON HER OWN WORLD... SHE MAY DELIVER AN OFFSPRING WHICH IS GREATLY DEFORMED...





CAME THE NIGHT OF THE BIRTH...  
HE STOOD NERVOUSLY, THOUGHT-  
LESSLY, AMIDST FELLOW OFFICERS  
OF THE SUNBURST... HE HAD TRIED  
PACING AND DRINKING... THE BOURBON  
NEARLY CHOKED HIM--AND THE  
OTHERS HAD ORDERED HIM TO STOP  
PACING... HE WAS MAKING THEM  
NERVOUS...







SCANT MILES BELOW THE TEXAS BORDER LIES THE QUAINTE AND UNASSUMING VILLAGE OF GUANAJA, MEXICO. HAD CIRCUMSTANCES BEEN OTHERWISE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN LOST IN TIME, UNNOTICED FOR ANYTHING. BUT, SUCH WAS NOT THE CASE... THERE IS AN IMPORTANT HISTORICAL FOOTNOTE TO BE RECORDED: GUANAJA, CREMATION SITE OF...



IN JUNE, 1955, A STRANGE SIGHT WAS WITNESSED IN THE HILLS THAT SURROUND GUANAJA.....



AND, AS THE HORNY SISTERS OF FATE WOULD HAVE IT....



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS THE MEXICAN SUN ROSE HIGH ABOVE GUANAJA....

HER QUESTIONS WERE ANSWERED IMMEDIATELY. FOR ON JUNE 3RD, 1955, THE ONCE VOLUPTUOUS BODY OF JOSEPHINA ARISTO WAS COMMITTED TO ASHES... AMIDST THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH THEY CURSED HER... A WITCH!!!!

AAAAAIIIEEEEEEEE!!!!

... **PSYCHO #18** the **PSYCHO** editors proudly announced **THE GREAT GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST** . . . you readers were invited to submit reasons **WHY** you **WANTED** gargoyle eggs . . . in 25 words or more . . . we were **DELIGHTED** by the **MANY** entries, and are awarding out 10 prize gargoyle eggs . . . on the basis of **IMAGINATION** which made it **TOUGH** to select 10 winners, because **ALL** were **STARTLINGLY IMAGINATIVE** . . . and as testimony to that we're tanning our **EDITORIAL** page in this **ALMIGHTY-IMPORTANT** **IMAGINATION-STAGGERING BRAIN-SHRIEKING FIRST WINTER-SPECIAL** 1980 . . .

... our 10 winners have already received in the mail a special congratulatory letter from the **PSYCHO** editor, along with a small watercolor cardboard box containing their gargoyle eggs . . . it should be noted right here and now, however, that these eggs will probably **NOT HATCH** the reason for that is **SIMPLY** . . . it is **TOTALLY NECESSARY** for them to be hatched by their **MOTHER**, or in her absence, by a registered-watermark-gargoyle . . . the **UTTER RARITY** of the Inter professionally-trained medical practitioners makes the whole probability unlikely . . . sorry bout that . . .

in the probable event that they make **DON'T** hatch . . . they make **EXCELLENT** paperweights . . .

winner number 1  
(whose entry was also the first received) . . . **RON PARKER**  
of Williston Park, NEW YORK

... with almost dispatch, I did take the timezines back to the bestiary's quarters, and did find much to my unspeakable horror, a most awful object . . .

Verily . . . wasn't it a malicious miscreant from that agent of the unspeakable which I now doth holdeth in my very hands, and which my Eye so tremblingly read? As — forthsoe — mere believed charge hast come . . . DONE!

Wed in its place did remain only the remnant of ransom notes, demanding the one thing which I were beyond even mine ponderous powers to provide! Yes — the very 400 of these great gargoyle . . . herself! For days I sat, in the depths of despair, as I fully knew that if it could not soon come up with that exact sum of notes, mere believed pet would verily be slaughtered . . . in cold almal!

... but not ALL is lost . . . recently whilst I did despair hungrily the 10th issue of **PSYCHO** . . . it so fortuitously came across your item concerning this most **1980 EGG** . . .

... HARKEN TO MINE MOST HUMBLE PLEA ALMIGHTY ONES, AND IMPART TO MINE ARODE WITH UTMOST DISPATCH ONE OF THOSE SCARIEST OF TREASURES . . . THAT I MAY ONCE AGAIN BE UNITED WITH MY BELOVED BEAST . . . BUT MAKE TH HASTER ALAS, IT MAY ALREADY . . . be too late . . .

winner number 2 . . . **ERIC OESSLER** of WOODLAND HILLS, CALIFORNIA . . .

... I'd like a gargoyle egg for a **VERY** good reason that being . . . my gargoyle wife is sterile . . . we have been married now for 3,057 years, seven months, and several days . . . the only thing we have ever asked for is a baby gargoyle to design out days and ruin our family math. It, at should I say when, you send my wife and I a gargoyle egg, we promise to take poor care of it and keep it away from good influences like **PSYCHO** and **NIGHTMARE**

# ... Special Awards Page ... The Great Horror-Mood Gargoyle Egg Contest ...

magazines, when it hatches . . .

winner number 3 . . . **WENDY DELAMATER** of Woodstock, NY . . . [Michele]

... my story begins on another world, in another time and place, before anyone here had ever thought about being. The rulers of the world Tharon were mighty gods, cruel and merciless to those whom the seasons favored. Such were Rovna and myself. Rovna was born the son of the great king Tasiold and from the time he was born the people loved him. He was a born ruler, the kind of person that is both wise and just and when Tasiold died Rovna took the throne.

announcing the **ASYLUM** issue

# Asylum

You have nothing to lose but your mind.

the next **PSYCHO #12** is a very special all lunatic issue featuring **LUNATIC PICNIC**, the **HEAP**-turned-lunatic in **"AND THE WORLD SMILED SHUDDER"**, and a special photo-review of Christmas' exponential new **ADMIRATION** feature: **ASYLUM** . . . **PSYCHO #12** is the **TOTAL** madness issue, in the **HORROR-MOOD** tradition . . .

the only 12 years of age . . . the years pleased . . .

... my father was the King of the other world on that her ever planet and his greatest wish was that the two worlds combine for the greatest power and happiness for everyone. Tasiold had shared that idea, as when Rovna was 10 and I but 18 we were wed. NEVER was I happier; it was as if all the good fortune everyone had shined on us. One of our many presents was a gargoyle's egg — they were known to have strange mystical powers benefitting those who were in possession of the egg . . .

WHERE . . . when we were banished there was only one way we could RETURN to each other and the place we were born . . . through the 'mystical powers' of a gargoyle egg. Please help me . . . this is my last hope . . . every day I grow weaker on your earth, and to stay young on a planet that grows old (which ours does) takes much strength. Without YOUR help I don't believe Rovna and I will EVER see our homeland again . . . WON'T YOU HELP US? . . .

winner number 4 . . . **JOANIE ADRIAN** of Englewood, New Jersey . . . [ESMERALDA is

I would like a gargoyle egg to place on **Quasimodo's** grave . . . in life his only friends were the stone grotesques of Notre Dame. Bashed by man, only to be revived by man, they shared the place of eggs. Perchance, by placing the egg on the hunchback's resting place, the魔 of LOVE can deny mortality and its laws. Perchance, the egg will hatch and the again be-fined he who was born friendless, died friendless, and died friendless. See for Andrew, Mass. and Edward. Peace.

winner 5 FRANK TURNER of Kilmallock, NEW JERSEY . . .

I want a gargoyle egg because I think gargoyles are HORROR, especially Edward, Mina and the Kid . . .

... I want a gargoyle egg because I would put the egg in my gargoyle egg incubator and watch it every day until it hatched. Then, after it hatched I'd name my little gargoyle to be my poetry teacher (he'd a pair neatly . . .

That would satisfy my warped mind CONSIDERABLY

winner number 6 JEFF GALLU of Kings Park, N.Y.

I want a gargoyle egg because it would be neat to show it to people. And if it hatched I would stick it on people. I don't like one . . . two . . . I'd become another WILLARD . . .

winner number 7 WEIRD, OLD and Weathered-up WADE JAMBERT of Cypress Cove, TEXAS



Mina and Edward Bartynos



the . . .  
... a "honorary" mood-team member  
**GRUESOME GARGOYLE WILSON**



**GAHAN WILSON** is the contemporary Master of the cartoon-macabre! His features appear regularly in **PLAYBOY**, the **NATIONAL LAMPOON**, the **GARGOYLE GAZETTE** and other weird periodicals. We couldn't publish a photograph of Gruesome Gahan because they don't allow cameras in the asylum, but he paints the little guy painted in a self-caricature, the big cartoon is unique, unpublished, and is especially for **PSYCHO-NIGHTMARE** readers . . . but thanks to the extraordinary artist (and his friend for many years) for his iconic contributions, which makes *PS* a proud, gargoyle-full, honorary member of the **HOORAY-MOOD-TEAM** . . .

... I hope all this is covered by my **BLUE-CROSS** . . .

I would like a gargoyle egg. Why? To HATCH your macabre, gargoyleous, orchid (of course) like monstrousity. Actually I want it because I'm lonely down here in this . . . oh, BEAUTIFUL cemetery! They're really RUINED the place you know . . . it's weeds, cobwebs . . .

... or NOTHING! Why can't it look like the one on your SLENDER-SLIME PAGE! You'd think that living in a cemetery would mean having a lot of blood-thirsty SOULS around . . .

There AINT . . . everyone they come up train the grave they see the . . . see the beauty and go into hysterics. I'm DESPERATE! Though only an EGG it would be SOMETHING to talk to . . . please . . .

winner 8 GARY WAYNE ANDERSON of Tulsa, OKLAHOMA

... I DESPERATELY need that Gargoyle egg, for I have a BULLY always picking on me . . . If I could have one of these eggs I'd SIT ON IT long enough to hatch it . . . then I could send the gargoyle after the bully. It might also prove to be a very good WATCH-GARGOYLE and maybe it could stop all those people from stealing my **PSYCHO** and

**NIGHTMARE** books . . . even if it didn't hatch it'd be a very good conversation piece and would have a great value in science . . .

winner number 9 BOOBY BROWN BURROS of Ridgewood, NEW YORK

... I want a gargoyle egg because I love bacon and eggs and coffee and toast every morning for breakfast. I use all kinds of eggs, including ROACH and SPIDER eggs, since I have PLENTY of the aforementioned in THIS asylum! I'MIGHT-AS WELL sit a gargoyle egg . . . variety is the spice of death . . .

... and . . . So to sum him up he is Grand Winner #10 **ARTHUR KERNS** of Queens, NEW YORK

... Dear Mr. and Mrs. Gargoyle . . . I am told the egg probably won't have a baby in it because it's so OLD, however . . . maybe you could send me one of your TEETH or something INSTEAD . . . as you won't miss your baby too much. I mean after all, what kind of a lousy PARENT would I make

... I'm only 6 and-a-half years old and the egg is over 400 already! . . .

OTHERS who entered . . . there will be ANOTHER contest soon . . . **THE OFFICIAL HORROR-MOOD CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST** appearing in an upcoming-shady **REGULAR ISSUE** . . . *Read it not*

anyway, as a result of THIS contest . . . Dan Parker can ransom his pet, Eric Diesel and his wife can have a gargoyle skeleton in their family . . . Noel Mandy Delanator can be re-united with Roma Joanie Adrian will have a gargoyle-wedding for Quasimodo's grave, Frank Turner will considerably salivate as warped metal Jeff Galt will have a gargoyle-Willard, Wade Lambert will have a macabre artifact to help comfort his cemetery Gary Anderson will have an excellent watch-gargoyle, Bob Barnes will have a chameleon-wand pace at breakfast, and 6-and-a-half year old Arthur Kerms will have a child . . . if . . . not bad for an insane contest where unacceptable elements were fighting over a bunch of little gargoyle pebbles . . .

- **ARCHAIC** -

R.I.P.



...ONCE UPON A TIME, SOME YEARS AGO, IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND, THERE WAS A SCARECROW WHO WANTED TO BE A MAN...

LEGA  
ROSA

...ALL DAY THE SCARECROW PERFORMED HIS TASK OF SCARING CROWS AND OTHERS, AND PERFORMED IT VERY WELL—OF THE 3 SCARECROWS ON FARMER MILLARD TUMBA, HE WAS SELECTED TO STAND IN THE MIDDLE FIELD... WHERE THE AIR TRAFFIC AND THIEVERY OF CORN HUSKS WAS THE WORST IN ALL THE FARM... AND WHERE IT MAY ONLY OBSERVED BY THE FARMER, AND HIS FAMILY THAT PERRY, FOR SO THE SCARECROW WAS CALLED, DID A FINE JOB OF PROTECTING THE FIELD FROM INVADERS...

...THE FARMER HAD A DAUGHTER...

...THE DAUGHTER WAS YOUNG, VERY BEAUTIFUL, AND ROMANTIC. HOWEVER, SINCE THERE WERE NO YOUNG MEN IN THE AREA, SHE FOUND VENT TO HER DREAMS BY SITTING NEAR PERRY SOMETIMES, AND READING ALOUD CERTAIN ROMANTIC NOVELS... WHICH SHE WOULD READ WITH GREAT PASSION AND ENTHUSIASM...

PERRY BECAME IN LOVE WITH JUDY...



HE WAITED FOR HER TO COME AND SIT BESIDE HIM AND READ, AND CHERISHED EACH MOMENT SHE WAS NEAR. NOW, PERRY WAS NO FOOL-- HE KNEW HE WAS A SCARECROW, AND HE KNEW THAT JUDY ATTACHED NO MORE IMPORTANCE TO HIM THAN SHE WOULD TO ANY OTHER GATHERING OF STICKS AND STRAW...

...AND SO, WHEN CAME THE NIGHT PERRY CRIED...



...AND THE NIGHTS GREW LONGER AND COLDER, AND AS WINTER APPROACHED, PERRY LONGED FOR LIFE... LONGED TO FEEL THE TOUCH OF A WOMAN... LONGED TO BE NEAR THE WOMAN HE HAD CHOSEN TO CALL HIS OWN... HIS JUDY...

...AND HE CAME TO FEEL THAT CERTAIN THINGS IN THIS WORLD WERE NOT ENTIRELY FAIR... THAT IT IS THE RIGHT OF EVERYONE TO BREATHE AND TO LOVE...

# •WHETHER MAN OR SCARECROW...

...AND SO, WE START OUR TALE...

ONE MORNING PERRY LOOKED DOWN AND SAW AN OLD MAN SLEEPING BY HIS FEET... AS HE WATCHED, THE OLD MAN SPOKE, AND SO, SOFTLY PERRY SQUINTED IN THE EYE... AND SAID:

...GOOD MORNING, PERRY...

...I AM THOMAS CARLYLE, YOUR FAIRY GODFATHER, BUT BY FULL TIME PROFESSION I AM AN ALCHEMIST...



...I AM HERE TO GRANT  
YOU 3 WISHES...

...THE FIRST OF WHICH I CAN  
EASILY ANTICIPATE IS THE GIFT OF  
SPEECH... WHICH, WITH  
CORRESPONDENT FRIENDSHIP  
WITH WHICH I PROPOSE TO PROVE  
MY ABILITY AS WELL AS MY  
SINCERITY, I HEREBY  
ACCORD YOU...

...ON  
SPEAK-

... EMINENT,  
CONCISE, AND  
ACCURATE...

...HOW ALONE,  
PERRY BEGAN TO  
BELIEVE THAT  
THERE IS INSPIRED  
SOME JUSTICE  
AND FAIR PLAY  
IN THE DEALINGS  
OF THIS WORLD...

FIRST, I MUST  
GO AND SEE  
JUDY—

HOW FERRY...  
THINK CAREFULLY...  
TAKE YOUR TIME... WHAT  
ARE YOUR OTHER  
2 WISHES...?

...TAKE YOUR  
TIME

...I'M AFRAID I  
DON'T KNOW JUST  
WHAT...

...PERRY THOUGHT  
VERY CAREFULLY,  
AND IT WAS  
NATURAL THAT  
HIS FIRST, OR,  
RATHER HIS  
SECOND, WISH  
WAS FOR A PAIR...

...  
GRANTEC

DO I HAVE TO MAKE  
MY DWARD WISH  
RIGHT AWAY?

...ONLY 2...

...YOU HAVE KNOCKED  
OVER MY APPLEGART SIR...

...ON THE WAY  
TO SEE JULY, AS  
HE WALKED  
DOWN A NARROW  
PAV. ROAD,  
PERRY CAME  
ACROSS A MAN  
PULLING A CART  
OF APPLES...

I AM INDEED HORNY  
FOR MY AWKWARDNESS  
SIR, I AM NOT YET  
USED TO WALKING...



...PERRY DRAINED HIMSELF ALONG THE ROAD TO THE FARMHOUSE... WHERE JUDY SAW HIM CRAWLING INTO THE DRIVEWAY AND BECAME IN LOVE WITH HIM AT ONCE... AND SOMEWHAT ATTENDED TO HIS LEGS...







...this... is NIGHTMARE 12 ...the SWAMI issue... featuring 'I AM DEAD: I AM BURIED'



... this ... is PSYCHO No. 12 ... the ASYLUM issue ... featuring 'THE MAD-DOLL MAN' ...



... don't miss 'em or you'll turn into a degenerate vegetable ...

# ... SCREAM ...

- ... What ever happened to *Nosferatu*? ...
- ... Who is *I, Slime*? ...
- ... Why... Beware The Dawn's Early Light? ...
- ... Where are *The Vampire Letters*? ...
- ... When does *The Thing In The Box* Kill? ...

... when you know the answers you will Have To...

# ... SCREAM ...

... the Answers are Disturbing, Weird, Grotesque ...  
they come from the maniacal mind of America's master  
of the comics-macabre ... *Arshile Al Hewelson* ...  
they pour out of the pens of these Powerful Graphic  
Artists: *Cintron - Zesar - Gual - Domingo and*  
*Borrell* ... under a wretched cover by *Ken Kelly* ...

... do you Know how to...

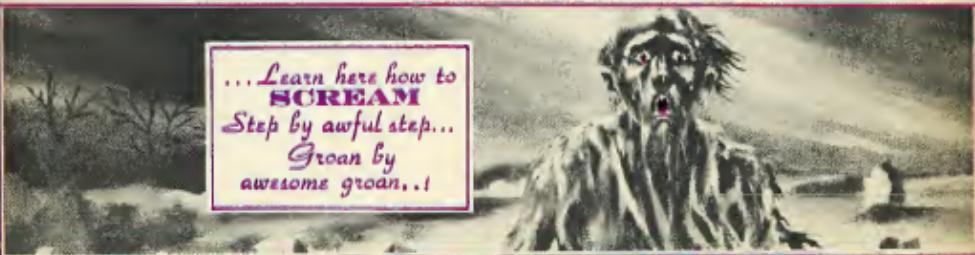
# ... SCREAM ...

to know Horror is  
to know how to  
**... SCREAM ...**



... We will teach you  
how to... **SCREAM**

... Learn here how to  
**SCREAM**  
Step by awful step...  
Groan by  
awesome groan...!



... it's coming soon in the  
**SKYWALD HORROR MOOD**

... unless nothing not ...

# SCREAM